

his hand did cleave fast in knocking to the iron upon his breast. So immediately, leaning forwards, he yielded up his spirit."

Equally brutal was the scene at Ridley's martyrdom at Oxford, the centre of English culture. "Then," relates Foxe, "they brought a faggot, kindled with fire, and laid it down at Ridley's feet. To whom Latimer spoke in this manner. ^e Be of good comfort, brother Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England, as I trust shall never be put out.' And so the fire being kindled, when Ridley saw the fire flaming up towards him, he cried with a loud voice, ^c Lord into Thy hands I commend my spirit; Lord receive my spirit;' and repeated this latter part often in English. Latimer saying as vehemently on the other side, ^f O Father of heaven receive my soul;' he received the flame as if embracing it. After he had stroked his face with his hands, and, as it were, bathed them a little in the fire, he soon died, as it appears, with very little pain. . . . But Ridley lingered longer, by reason of the badness of the fire, which only burned beneath, being kept down by the wind, which, when he felt, he desired them for Christ's sake to let the fire come to him, which when his brother-in-law heard . . . heaped faggots upon him, so that he clean covered him, which made the fire more vehement beneath; so that it burned all his lower parts, before it once touched the upper, and that made him leap up and down under the faggots, and often desired them to let the fire come to him, saying, * I cannot burn.' Which was apparent, for after his legs were consumed, he showed his other side towards us, shirt and all, untouched with flame ! Yet in all this torment he forgot not to call unto God still, * Lord have mercy upon me; let the fire come unto me, I cannot burn.' In which pain he suffered till one of the standers-by with his bill pulled off the faggots above, and where Ridley saw the flame come up he leaned himself to that side. And when the flame touched the gunpowder, he was seen to stir no more, but turned on the other side, falling down at Latimer's feet. . . . Surely it moved hundreds to tears in beholding the horrible sight."

The rank and file were burned in batches.

Now it was a batch of six men, or a trio of women consumed to ashes at